

The Long Road Home

A One-Round AD&D Birthright Tournament

by Mark Liberman

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This is a standard RPGA Network tournament. A four-hour time block has been set aside for this event. Begin by passing out the player characters; pass them out based on class only, not revealing gender or race. Instruct the players to leave the character sheets face down until you have read the introduction. Then, tell them to study their character sheets, select spells, and notify you when they are ready to begin the adventure.

It is a good idea to ask each player to put a name tag in front of him or her. The tag should have the player's name at the bottom, and the character's name, race, and gender at the top. This makes it easier for the players to keep track of who is playing which character.

The actual playing time will be about three hours. Make sure you use the last 20 to 30 minutes of the event time block to have the players capsuleize their characters for each other and vote. The standard RPGA Network voting procedures will be used. Make sure you have finished voting before you collect the players' voting sheets. This way you will not be influenced by their votes and comments.

The players are free to use the game rules to learn about equipment and weapons their characters are carrying.

DM NOTES

This is a Birthright module that takes place in Khinasi, the southeast part of the main continent of Cerilia. Although it would be very helpful if the DM is familiar with the Birthright campaign, it is still possible to run and enjoy this module. The best way for a DM not familiar with the setting to run this module is by equating the unusual terms with something that is familiar, such as treating the blood abilities as innate hereditary spell-like abilities, the awnsheghlien as evil forces of power, the gheallie Sidhe (Hunt of the Elves) as elves striking back at the encroachment of man, orogs as lessor ogres with more intelligence, and the halfling's Shadow World as a demi-plane that was once pleasant, but now is a sinister forbidden place. The blood abilities and Cerilian specific equipment is all explained and/or figured into the statistics.

DM SYNOPSIS

The party starts the adventure in the land of Min Dhousai, attending a planning session with various other regents. The proposed purpose of the session is to work together to defeat a common enemy, the

awnsheghlien known as the Magian. Actually, King Sahn, regent of Min Dhousai, has plotted with the Magian to set a trap for the other regents in exchange for half the lands to be conquered. One of the PCs, Spymaster Marl Kon, has learned of the trap just before it is sprung.

Erman Aran, regent of Khourane and the PCs' Emir (and father in some cases), decides to send his sons with some of his trusted advisors to safety. He plans to cause a distraction by attacking King Sahn's forces while the PCs escape. After a brief farewell the party leaves under cover of the Emir's diversion.

The PCs then encounter a couple of patrols in the area, one a group of the Magian's warrior skeletons and the other a dubious group of Khinasi mercenaries under the employ of King Sahn. The first morning after their escape they should seek a spy contact, Sarim Habad, at a nearby tavern, who warns them of more patrols ahead. He suggests alternative path to their home castle. The path leads along a mountainside, where the party is ensnared by magic and then are attacked by the orogs under the leadership of Grah Ba and Gresh Ba. The party is rescued by a mining detail of dwarves who were also worEmir the area. The dwarves, in exchange for mining rights, tell the party that the mountain path further ahead has been destroyed by the orogs, but the dwarves will relate another path home.

This next detour leads through some elven woods where the elves will have to be persuaded to let the humans past. Then the party will come upon a shatter hamlet, attacked by the Magian's forces. The PCs can rescue two halflings, Gilda and Herman Rosebud, and Gilda will offer to *shadow walk* the party the rest of the way home. In the Shadow World the party is attacked by a shadow beast. At their home castle they encounter the Magian's forces led by one of his commanders, Thral Bonerattler. All seems lost as the commander brings down the front gate of their castle. However, with his defeat, the rest of the forces under his control fall apart and the castle is saved, for now. In the distance, riders from the Magian can be seen heading back to report this temporary setback. The Magian will be back.

PLAYER INTRODUCTION

You are attending, with Emir Erman Aran, the strategy session with the other local regents about the recent demands made by the awnsheghlien known as the Magian. He now stretches forth his clawed hand to encompass your realm of Khourane. King Sahn of Min Dhousai, whose lands lie to northeast of your realm, sent word for the nearby

regents to gather to discuss plans. The various Emirs and lord defenders of Merasaf, Yeninskiy and Rhuannach, plus your own Emir Aran, have come in answer to the summons. Each regent brought a retinue of a hundred troops with them. Much has been agreed upon and the sessions were very productive, but then Marl returned with news that greatly upset the Emir. You have all been called to the Emir's tent for a hasty late night gathering. You are told to bring your gear and to choose your spells for travelling across country against mostly undead opposition.

The judge should now give out the character sheets.

TIME TO SAY GOODBYE

The night air chills you as you await the Emir's words. Noises from the encampment echo quietly to you; the guards on duty are warming their hands and insides as they survey the darkened landscape. Most of the men are asleep, each division surrounding its regent in a protective ring of flesh and steel. Emir Aran coughs and speaks.

"My sons and my friends, we have been betrayed by that treacherous blackguard King Sahn. The King has graciously sold us out to the Magian. Even now the undead minions of the Magian are closing in on us. If it was not for Spymaster Kon, all would be lost. It is too late for me; I am certain that the Magian will not let me escape, but for you, my sons, there may yet be hope. Tonight I and the remainder of my honor guard will create a diversion, during which you may escape and return to our home at Mindara castle. We will strike straight at the King's tent, perhaps to Emir his head.

"Certain of my advisors, who are gathered here with you, will accompany you home and assist you in the time to come. Listen well to them, for they have served me well and faithfully. It is unfortunate that we do not have time to perform the proper investiture of my powers to you, Nigen, but we do not. I regret the loss to the bloodline.

"My three advisors, I know you wish to stay, but your duty now lies with my eldest. Serve him as you have served me. Skara, I only ask you to honor your pledge to protect the regent. In the time I have left I name Nigen the next Emir of Khourane. Go now, and rally the troops to stop any further depredations by the Magian."

The party can briefly question the Emir about the current situation, but he encourages them to leave immediately. If the party dallies long enough then

they will see the rest of the home guard ride off to battle with the Emir. The sounds of battle as Erman Aran leads his troops in one last charge can be heard to the east.

MAGIAN PATROL

After the party has traveled several hundred yards and thinks they are in the clear they are waylaid by a Magian patrol composed of 12 warrior skeletons. The party members need to roll surprise with a +3 penalty due to the noiseless nature of the skeletons. If Marl Kon or Skara are scouting ahead, then allow the PCs to make an Intelligence roll at 1/2 to notice the patrol first.

After the surprise check, read the following, adjusting accordingly:

With the sounds of battle in your ears, you bid silent goodbye to Emir Aran and ride for Khourane. As battle is joined far off, and its echoes reach you, battle is suddenly joined all around you as well. Several skeletons in chain armor and carrying broad swords surround you, seeming to have risen from the ground itself. In the darkness, you can barely make out their bony faces, but their intentions are quite obvious.

Magian warrior skeletons (12): Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 5 (chainmail over bone); MV 9; HD 3; hp 15 each; THACO 16; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (broadsword) or 1d3 (claw or kick); SA see below; SD 1/2 damage from edged or piercing weapons, turned as Shadows; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 20.

Magian warrior skeletons are relentless and will fight until they are completely destroyed. If a skeleton takes more than half its initial points in damage on one hit (an arm or a leg is cut off) then its attack damage is reduced to 1d3. Another such hit will reduce the skeleton to crawling after a foe (which it will do forever) with no effective attack. Only at -10 hp are they destroyed completely. Play up the fact that the skeletons must be completely chopped up before they will stop fighting.

AN INFUSION OF REGENCY

This is not a real encounter, but is important nonetheless. Emir Aran dies in the attack on King Sahn, and when this happens his Regency points flow into Nigen. No powers are changed, and the points do not affect the adventure, but the fact that he gets them indicates that his father is dead.

The battle with the skeletons done, you move as quickly from the camp site as possible, and an hour goes by without any incident. The terrain changes to sparse woodlands, indicating that you are getting closer to Khourane.

As you ride along, Nigen suddenly feels overwhelmed and falls from his horse.

Nigen remains conscious and takes no damage, and his horse stops a few yards later. It is hard for Nigen to explain what happened; tell the player that Nigen now feels a connection to the land, as if his blood is made of the earth, air and water than make up the realm of Khourane.

MERCENARY ENCOUNTER

As dawn breaks across Cerilia, you reach the border of Khourane. However, the site of armed men blocking the road makes your blood run cold. They wear the insignia of King Sahn, and seem to be expectant of something. It does not appear that they have taken you for anything more than travelers at this distance.

The mercenaries, 24 in all, do not recognize the party as important people until they approach to within 30 yards. If the PCs try to disguise themselves, then they are not recognized unless their faces are showing.

If the PCs approach, the men speak to them.

"Ho there! What is your purpose on the road at this hour? Explain yourselves..."

They are not really in a mood to fight, especially with a experienced looEmir party. Any plausible story will work, as the mercenaries were given no specific orders except to patrol the area.

Khinasi mounted mercenaries (24): Int Average; AL N; AC 3 (improved mail and buckler); MV 12; HD 3; hp 16 each; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+1 (sabre); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 14.

Medium warhorse (24): Int Animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 24; HD 3+3; hp 15 each; THACO 19; #AT 2; Dmg d6/d6 (hooves); SA nil; SD nil; MR nil; SZ L; ML 7.

TAVERN BY THE ROAD

As you cross into Khourane, you all begin to feel a little less tense. A few minutes' ride through familiar countryside brings you to a roadside tavern, one of many along the main road in this part of the land. The smells of breakfast, carried to you by the light breeze, are very tempting.

Marl Kon knows that the tavern owner, Sarim Habad, is part of Emir Aran's intelligence network. If the PCs do not stop here, which they do not have to do, see "Travel on the Main Road" below. Sarim will see the PCs go by, but will not try to contact them (which would blow his cover).

The tavern is empty except for a lone farmer drinking in the corner. The farmer is actually a spy for the lord defender of Merasaf who is watching Sarim. The spy, Heckta, will not put up any resistance since he was told to watch Sarim and not to interfere. Upon hearing about the ambush of his lord defender, which he will overhear the party talEmir about unless they take precautions, Heckta will volunteer additional information.

Sarim can relate that he has seen many patrols of Khinasi mercenaries and undead traveling along the road. He strongly advises against travel on the main road. Heckta, if he gets involved in the conversation, will suggest that the party should take a little less direct route home to throw off pursuit. He suggests a hillside trail that is little used due to some orogs in the area. Sarim also knows of this route, but will not recommend it unless Heckta does not and the party presses him. Orog are just as dangerous as partols of undead.

Travel on the Main Road

If the party insists on staying on the main road, they encounter a patrol of 24 hired thugs who attack on sight. If the PCs continue onward after that, they will continue to encounter patrols of 24 mercenaries until they turn around or are dead.

OROG AMBUSH

On the advice of Sarim and Heckta, you travel into the mountains, trying to avoid the many patrols of Min Dhousai warriors that patrol your land. The day is hard and the climb difficult, but as night nears you find a cave set into the mountains. It looks large enough for you and your horses and gear; further it is sheltered from the winds and dry inside.

The PCs can continue further, but they will not find a better cave. If they wish to do so, have them make Saving Throws vs Spells (but don't reveal that they are saving throws, just ask for 1d20s). PCs who fail suddenly decide that this is the right cave for the night, and nothing will sway them from this stance. There is a *take the path* spell active here, a type of charm that draws passersby into the path desired by the spellcaster.

The inside of the cave is indeed dry and suitable for camping; it is kept that way by the orogs who use it as a trap for the unwary. In the back of the cave, scrapings on the walls and camp remains can be found, as if someone had used this spot several nights ago.

At the beginning of the second watch, around midnight the orogs attack. A *passwall* opens on one side of the cave and several orogs (8 plus Gresh Ba) rush out to do battle. More orogs (12 plus Grah Ba) rush the front from outside the cave. Any guards watching outside are only surprised on a 1. Any inside are surprised on a 7/10.

After five rounds of combat or if three or more PCs are dead sooner, a dwarf mining party will charge the orogs from their rear (from outside the cave). The orogs will flee at 50% casualties or if Grah Ba and Gresh Ba are both killed.

Orog Warband (20): Int Low; AL LE; AC 3 (banded and shield); MV 9; HD 3+1; hp 19; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+2 (heavy long sword) or 1d8+1 (heavy crossbow); SA +4 to hit vs armour with crossbow; SD -2 penalty to attack and saving throws in bright light; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 10.

Grah Ba, Orog Warleader: Int high; AL LE; AC 3 (plate); MV 9; HD 5; hp 31; THACO 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10+3 (halberd) and 1d8+1 (heavy crossbow); SA +4 to hit vs armour with crossbow, high strength; SD -2 penalty to attack and saving throws in bright light; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 11.

Gresh Ba, Orog Battle Priest: Int High; AL LE; AC 2 (plate and shield); MV 9; HD 4; hp 17; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3 (footman's mace); SA spells; SD -2 penalty to attack and saving throws in bright light; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 11.

Spells: 1st level - *darkness*, *curse*, *cure light wounds*; 2nd level - *silence* 15' radius, *heat metal*.

Dwarf mining party (8): Int Average; AL LN; AC 4 (chain and shield); MV 6; HD 4; hp 31; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (battle axe); SA Nil; SD -2 to be hit by orogs; MR Nil; SZ S; ML 16.

Basilt, Dwarf Head Miner: Int Very; AL LN; AC 2 (plate and shield); MV 6; HD 7; hp 76; Base THACO 14; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8 (battle axe); SA Specialized with magical battle axe plus strength 18.23, vs Orog = +5 to hit and +8 damage; SD -2 to be hit by Orog; MR Nil; SZ S; ML 16.

Special equipment: *Battle axe +1, +3 vs orogs* ("Orog Slayer")

After the rescue the dwarves are curious about the party. Basilt, who barely speaks Basarji, says:

"You humans crazy? Why sleep in orog cave? Yeah we feel the effects of the magic here, but dwarves strong. We resist it. Orog foul creatures, but they have mighty shamans."

"We are in these mountains looEmir to set up a mine. Is that a problem? Oh, is this your land? We will observe your control of the holding. We produce many gold bars for you. You let us stay, we help you?"

Not exactly the best circumstances for Nigen to negotiate his first treaty, but there it is. In parting the dwarves will mention that the normal way down from this path has been destroyed by the orogs. Either the party can backtrack, or they can take the alternate path that passes through the elven woods. He warns them to be careful, as some of the elves consider the woods their own and the gheallie Sidhe (the Hunt of the Elves) can be found there. See the appendix for information on the gheallie Sidhe.

If the party backtracks then they encounter one patrol of 12 mercenaries and one group of 12 Magian warrior skeletons, but they can avoid the forest. The come across the Shattered Hamlet encounter next. See previous encounters for stats.

ELVEN WOODS

This text assumes the PCs camped after the orog attack, and are traveling early the next morning. If not, adjust accordingly, remembering that elves can see in the dark and most of the PCs cannot.

Deciding to brave the elven woods, you turn onto the path indicated by the dwarves. The morning sun has not completely penetrated the woods by the time you arrive at their borders, but soon it will be light and you forge ahead, the thought of the Magian's troops attacking your castle ever in your minds.

After about half an hour's travel, the wind begins to pick up. At first it seems normal, but as

you enter a clearing it picks up again, much faster than you would expect. Debris from the forest floor swirls rapidly around you, and you see that you are encircled by the strange winds.

Then from the trees you hear a musical voice: "Humans what are you doing here? Why have you chosen to intrude upon the Turene woods? Why should you not be slain?"

The debris and wind form an effective *blade barrier* which does 4d8 to anyone attempting to leave the circle of winds. These elves are very distrustful of the humans, but do not want to slay them outright. To brave the woods, with the threat of the gheallie Sidhe looming, would indicate great courage or stupidity. The elves wish to find out which the party possesses. If the party negotiates well with the elves, they will let the party pass. Negotiation is essential; the elves will not let the PCs pass without something in return, something valuable to them (such as a pledge of protection for the woods from Nigen, a magical item, or something similar).

Alternately, the PCs can engage the elves in combat. The elves will flee at 50% casualties, but the PCs should be dead or have fled long before that since the elves are hidden in the woods and the PCs do not know where to attack.

Elven Hunting Party (6): Int High; AL CG; AC 2 (elven chain, shield, Dex 16); MV 12; HD 4; hp 24; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword) or 1d8 (long bow); SA Nil; SD see below; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 15.

The elves will fire their bows from concealed cover and harass the party from a distance. They prefer not to close.

Aeronel, em W(T)7: Int Exceptional; AL CG; AC 0 (shield spell and Dex 18); MV 12; hp 16; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA spells; SD Nil; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 15.

Spells remaining: 1st Level - *affect normal fires, friends, magic pine cone* (as *magic missile*); 2nd Level - *blur, vine* (as *web*), *ESP*; 3rd Level - *pine needle burst* (as *fireball* but no fire), *dispel magic*.

SHATTERED HAMLET

Leaving the forest behind, you ride across plains dotted with trees and large rocks. The beauty of your land brings out many good memories of your pasts. These are interrupted some hours later when you find tracks of troops passing in different directions.

Most of the tracks, if Skara looks closely, are bony in nature.

A little later, you come to a small hamlet. Smoke still fills the air, and there is a large blast area in the center of the hamlet.

The huts were burned just yesterday. A quick glance will show dead livestock and villagers, and the following:

Looking through the wreckage, you see two of skeletons, like the ones you fought days ago, trying to claw through the still-intact door of a hut. They are both barely functioning.

The Magian warrior skeletons have -9 and -8 hit points respectively, but they are not completely destroyed yet. One has a right arm, head and torso and is clawing at the dirt at the back of the hut. It has dug down a good bit and has worn its fingers down to the knuckles. The other skeleton is at the front door with a head, torso and a left leg. It is hopping up and continually banging at the front door with its head. The door does show signs of strains. Both skeletons can easily be dispatched.

Once the PCs approach the skeletons, they hear the sounds of two people inside the hut. If the party makes noise, they will call out for help. They are Gilda and Herman Rosebud, two halflings.

Upon their rescue the halflings are very grateful. Gilda, speaking with an middle eastern accent, says: *"Oy we thought we were done for. What with Herman's romanticism we could not get away. We are very lucky you big ones came along."* Herman will also continue to complain about his romanticism; actually he has rheumatism, but they both have the words confused.

They can tell how the skeletal troops descended on the hamlet, the leader telling everyone that they were now under the Magian overlordship. There were many skeletons, some mounted. As soon as Gilda saw them she grabbed Herman, who is suffering from rheumatism, and pulled him into the tool shed. Some of the locals fought back and the mage decreed that the whole hamlet was to be destroyed and every thing living killed. A couple of the damaged skeletons must have been left crawling about before they found their hiding place and have been trying to get in.

There is no one else alive here, but the PCs may decide to bury people or other things along that line.

The halflings offer to help the party and ask if there is anything they can do. If the party does not mention it then the halflings say they could get the

party home in a shorter time by traveling through the Shadow World. Gilda knows of some good ley lines here and near Aran's castle. She could open a portal here and they could *shadow walk* to the castle where she could open another portal. The travelling may seem like days to them but will only take an hour of normal time. She really cannot explain about the time fluctuation any better.

Travel through the Shadow World is not without its peril though. There are many foul inhabitants since the Cold Rider arrived so very long ago. She will explain that once the land was lush, but that was before the arrival of the thing call the Cold Rider. She will not speak further about the Cold Rider, since she doesn't know anything she would be comfortable talking about.

If the PCs refuse, they can travel by land. They will arrive too late to save their castle, and they will encounter many patrols on the road. Occupy them until the end of the slot and then describe the ruined castle and the enemy troops all around it. The PCs should get the hint and flee.

SHADOW WALK

If the party agrees to the shadow walk, Gilda will open a swirling gray portal and lead them through. She says that Herman will be fine remaining here.

The Shadow World looks like the normal world, except everything is in shades of gray and drooping. There is no light or dark, just varieties of gray. The world seems depressed, and your spirits seem to droop a little as you travel.

After a day of travel the PCs will be set upon by a shadow denizen. The party will all feel a chill (Saving Throw vs Spells or the party is affected as if under the effect of a reversed *prayer* spell). Then the denizen will attack rising up from the ground itself, surprising on a 1-7. It will avoid attacking Gilda until the rest of the party is slain. Have the denizen threaten her, but it is saving her for last to increase her torment. It appears as a vaguely manshape creature with tentacles of darkness swirling about it.

Shadow Denizen: Int High; AL CE; AC 0; MV 15; HD 12; hp 70; THACO 9; #AT 4; Dmg 1d10/1d10 (claws), 1d3/1d3 (tentacles) + Saving Throw vs Paralyzation or lose 2 points of Strength recoverable at 1pt/hour; SA Nil; SD need +1 to hit, light-based spells do 1d6 of damage per level of caster; MR Nil; SZ L; ML 13.

The party can rest before Gilda opens the portal home if they wish. Gilda should suggest that the party rest as it will take awhile shadow time to get the lost strength back, but no real time will pass. Finally she will open the portal and the party will arrive near the castle.

THRAL BONERATTLER

The gray portal opens and you see your home across the fields before you. It is surrounded by skeletal and human troops, all led by a man in robes riding a horse with flaming hooves! As you step through the portal, the leader points his finger and a fireball erupts at the castle gates, destroying them and the valiant warriors who fought there. Skeletons and men turn toward the opening and begin to pour through. Soon the defenders will be overwhelmed.

The party can do many things, but their best chance is to charge Bonerattler and defeat him. Once he is dispatched all of the warrior skeletons in the area lose their direction and can be destroyed more easily. He is protected by five mounted skeletal knights, and upon seeing the party he will set the knights to charge the party.

Magian Skeletal Knights (5): Int Average; AL LE; AC 3 (bits of plate over bone); MV 9; HD 4; hp 20 each; THACO 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (broadsword) or 1d3 (claw or kick); SA see below; SD 1/2 damage from edged or piercing weapons), turned as ghast; MR Nil; SZ M; ML 15.

Magian skeletal knights are relentless and will fight until they are completely destroyed. If a skeleton takes more than half its initial points in damage on one hit (an arm or a leg is cut off) then its attack damage is reduced to 1d3. Another such hit will reduce the skeleton to crawling after a foe (which it will do forever) with no effective attack. Only at -10 hp are they destroyed completely. Play up the fact that the skeletons must be completely chopped up before they will stop fighting.

Skeletal Medium Warhorse (5): Int Animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 3; hp 12 each; THACO 16; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6/1d6 (hooves); SA Nil; SD 1/2 damage from edged or piercing weapons), turned as rider; MR Nil; SZ L; ML special.

Thral Bonerattler, hm W12: Int Exceptional; AL LE; AC 4/3/2 (*shield* spell); hp 42; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+3 (*dagger of venom* +3); SA spells; SD nil; MR special (*ring of spell turning*); SZ

M; ML 17. 4/4/4/4/1

Spells: 1st Level- *detect magic*, *magic missile*, *reduction*, *burning hands*; 2nd Level- *bind*, *detect invisibility*, *flaming sphere*, *stinking cloud*; 3rd Level- *dispel magic*, *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *vampiric touch*; 4th Level- *ice storm*, *polymorph other*, *wall of fire*, *monster summoning II* (6 more skeletal knights, stats as above); 5th Level- *cloudkill*, *wall of force*, *chaos*, *cone of cold*; 6th Level- *death fog*.

Nightmare: Int Very; AL NE; AC -4; MV 15, fl 36; HD 6+6; hp 40; THACO 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6+4/1d6+4/2d4 (hooves, bite); SA burning hooves; SD paralyzing cloud 10' radius (Save vs Paralyzation or suffer -2 on attack and damage); MR nil; SZ L; ML 14.

The nightmare and Thral Bonerattler are immune to each other's aura. The nightmare will leave once Thral Bonerattler is dispelled.

Thral tells the party to surrender to the overlordship of the Magian and he will graciously spare their lives. They will even be allowed to retain their regency as long as they kneel down before the Magian. Otherwise every living thing in the castle will be destroyed. If they refuse, his knights engage the party while he uses his more devastating spells.

If Thral is defeated or most of the knights fall, one quickly leaps on a horse (if necessary) and rides off for the Magian's domain. He is out of range of the PCs in one round, so they must stop him as he leaves. If he gets away, the Magian knows all the details of this battle.

CONCLUSION

If the characters succeed in fending off this attack, the Magian's forces retreat from Khourene, and the characters can rally troops. If they fail, they can flee or die, as they choose. In this case, the Magian conquers Khourene over the next few months, unless the PCs can recruit forces and stage a counter-offensive. But those events are for another story ...

The End



Orog

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: Mountain, subterranean
FREQUENCY: Uncommon
ORGANIZATION: Tribe
ACTIVITY CYCLE: Night
DIET: Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE: Average to High (10-14)
TREASURE: C, O, Q×10, S (individual L)
ALIGNMENT: Neutral evil

NO. APPEARING: 4-16
ARMOR CLASS: 3 (10)
MOVEMENT: 9
HIT DICE: 3
THACO: 17
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon +2
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil
SIZE: M (6½' tall)
MORALE: Elite (10-14)
XP VALUE: 120

Orogs are a subterranean race of miners and warriors that inhabit Cerilia's mountain ranges. Their dark fortresses and holds can be found concealed in remote gorges or hidden in great underground caverns. The orogs consider all other races to be their enemies, and live in a state of perpetual warfare; in recent years, they've established several strong footholds on the surface.

Orogs stand taller than humans but have short, stocky legs. An orog has a thick, barrel-chested torso, long, powerful arms, and a somewhat apish face with a short, snubbed muzzle and flat nostrils. The creatures' skin is hairless and ranges from leathery gray to black.

Orogs are excellent metalworkers and commonly wear heavy banded mail. Tribal colors are displayed proudly on cloaks, surcoats, or standards. Despite their brutish appearance, orogs are very intelligent and have a firm grasp of tactics and strategy.

Combat: Orogs are very strong and gain a +2 bonus to damage rolls with any handheld or thrown weapons. They favor axes, maces, polearms, and heavy long swords. Crossbows are also popular.

Orogs are nauseated and blinded by bright sunlight, and suffer a -2 penalty to attack and saving throws in such conditions; even cloudy days give them -1 penalties. This aversion to daylight makes daytime travel difficult, so tunnel networks are often excavated to allow movement in the vicinity of an orog holding without emerging into the daylight.

A band of orogs is led by a 6 HD chieftain with THACO 15 and a +4 bonus to damage rolls. The chieftain is advised by a 5 HD battle priest who wields the spell powers of a 5th-



level cleric. The chieftain is guarded by 2-12 orogs of at least 16 hp each in plate mail (AC 2), with a +3 bonus to damage rolls. For every 20 orogs, one subleader equal to a guard will be present, as well as a 3 HD battle priest with the powers of a 3rd-level cleric.

Orogs domesticate a fierce variety of giant lizard equal in all respects to subterranean lizards. Raiding parties that need to move fast are often mounted on lizards, as are leaders among larger war bands. These creatures are described in the *MONSTROUS MANUAL*™; basic statistics follow.

Subterranean Lizard: AC 5; MV 12; HD 6; THACO 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA double damage on a natural roll of 20; SD nil; SZ H; ML Average; XP 650.

Habitat/Society: In the distant past, orogs were surface dwellers who were driven underground during a series of genocidal wars against the dwarves. They managed to survive by adapting to their new environment. The orog fortresses, home to 4d6x10 individuals, are supported by gathering underground fungi and raising livestock, as well as extensive hunting and raiding on the surface.

The orogs view each and every member of their society as warriors. Military virtues are embraced by their society, and sheer strength is respected as well. The priests of the orogs' nameless patron power are extremely powerful and influential, and entire tribes march at the words of the high battle priests.

the magian

Too much chaos. Absolutely too much chaos. Caravans pay duty to a hundred border taxes and again to bandits, though the differences between them are scarcely noticed. The world is full of strife over this or that piece of territory, and all that does is remove the base from which taxes are acquired—the people. All this leads to one thing: commerce, the distribution and acquisition of wealth, is affected.

"If this world is to prosper and see economic, technological, and magological growth, things must change. The land must become one with itself, and the peoples of all races and creeds must become unified. This land has very few leaders with the vision and tenacity to achieve this. Only one visionary in the past might have reached this goal: Roele. He was Cerilia's great leader, but his vision was undermined from within by his own corrupt, chaotic brother.

"If this lack of order and law continues, the land will fall into another dark age. Another visionary is needed to pull the lands together into one unified body and mind, and this leader is needed at any price. I am that visionary. The price is my tainted blood and my body's decline with my rising power. While I am fed by this power of chaos in my blood, it rules me not—I rule it, unlike these awnsheghlien who seem only fit to provide sport for noble hunters.

"Since my arrival in the lands I now inhabit there has been no rebellion. The people are fed and happy, and only one tax is paid by any one individual or business. I've constructed an unstoppable army with an ingenious battle plan to crush any incursions into our lands. This same force is designed to unite the world under one leader, and that leader is called Magian.

I plan to unite the land under one banner,
with one law, one court, one allied people,
one coin and one tax. In this world, no
longer will merchants be forced to
pay border fees at realm
boundaries or grease the
palms of crooked
constables, and
no longer
will their



customers be charged these extra fees. The price of goods will drop and the overall wealth of every citizen on the land will increase, as will the quality of life. And they shall gratefully thank me, their liege lord that brought them together into this new Golden Age for the continent, the Magian."

The Magian's origins are obscure, and his name was unheard of in Cerilia until six years ago. The Magian was a spellcaster from across the Sea of Dragons, and he landed on the shores of Pipryet (that which is now known simply as the Magian's Domain) with his band of loyal followers. The Magian quickly dispatched the domain's leader and his family. With the birthright powers absorbed from the rulers and his own sorcery, the Magian proclaimed himself sovereign with little difficulty. His tyranny, since his emergence as a ruler, is legendary outside his own domain; within the domain, he is revered. He and the followers crush whole armies with magical and military might.

Once the Magian empowered himself as ruler of this domain, he completely changed the way the country treated its citizens. Despite his ruthlessness during the coup, he's apparently been a just and fair monarch. Quality of life has increased, and people live more comfortably than ever. Prosperity has its price—the country has gone to war more times in the last 6 years than in the previous 60 years. Tacticians believe his sights are set to the west and north, and if his army proves as potent as it has in the past, the Magian will crush Min Dhousai and Khourane in short order. He denies that he has any plans to annex these two domains.

The Magian's exact appearance is unknown to his people, as he cloaks his form in magical darkness whenever he appears. Few inside the realm know exactly what he looks like, and that is all part of the plan. The figure most see and understand to be "the Magian" is a figurehead placed there by the true ruler to draw attention (and any potential assassins). The puppet is the Magian's protege, Ahazarus, and he is a mage of some power and blood ability, though not nearly enough to challenge his master.

The Magian is a powerful being, but he has not been alive for nearly 200 years. Sheer willpower and magic sustained it for much of that time. Now, he is immortal, as the blood of Azrai removed the frailties of his undead state.

INTELLIGENCE: 22

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Any

DIET: None

ALIGNMENT: Lawful evil

MOVEMENT: 6

SIZE: M (6'4" tall)

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS: 160

SAVES AS: W20

THAC0: 9

NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon or *death touch*

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Blood abilities, spells

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Spell immunities

MAGIC RESISTANCE: 25%

MORALE: 19

BLOOD: Minor (Azrai) 44

BLOOD ABILITIES: Death Touch (Great), Divine Aura (Major), Fear (Great), Invulnerability (Great), Major Resistance—Magic, Nonmagical Attack (Great), Wither Touch (Great)

XP VALUE: 27,000

| | | |
|-------|--------------------|--------|
| S: 12 | D: 18 (+2, +2, -4) | C: 17 |
| I: 22 | W: 18 | Ch: 15 |

As a 20th-level spellcaster, the Magian regularly memorizes the following spells:

1st Level: *Burning hands, hypnotism, shield, spook, wall of fog.*

2nd Level: *Alter self, ESP, hypnotic pattern, scare, summon swarm.*

3rd Level: *Blink, clairaudience, clairvoyance, fireball, phantom steed.*

4th Level: *Confusion, enervation, ice storm, phantasmal killer, polymorph other.*

5th Level: *Animal growth, animate dead, cone of cold, domination, feeblemind.*

6th Level: *Chain lightning, disintegrate, eyebite, veil.*

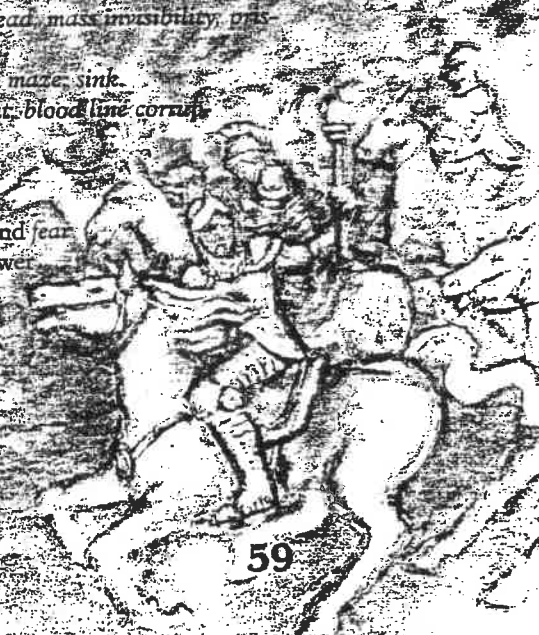
7th Level: *Control undead, mass invisibility, psionic spray.*

8th Level: *Mass charm, maze sink.*

9th Level: *Imprisonment, blood line corruption (see p. 65).*

Realm: All

The Magian's divine aura and fear are linked in an aura of power that surrounds him at all times. Anything of less than 7



Hit Dice or levels that comes within 50 feet of him must save vs. spell or flee in terror for 5d4 rounds; the Magian cannot deactivate this power. If he touches a living being, he automatically invokes his *death touch*, but the *wither touch* is under his control.

The Magian is totally immune to all *charm*, *sleep*, *enfeeblement*, *polymorph*, *cold*, *fire*, or *death* spells, or any spells that affect living tissue or the mind. Also, the Magian is immune to the turning effects of clerics and paladins.

REALM NAME: The Magian's Realm

LOCATION: Esenshal Peninsula

STATUS: Not available for PC use

ALIGNMENT: Lawful evil

PROVINCES/HOLDINGS:

| Province | Law | Temples | Guilds | Sources |
|----------------|--------|---------|---------|---------|
| Aktarsk (3/3) | Mg (3) | Bnk (3) | DrC (3) | Mg (3) |
| Boloshy (2/5) | Mg (1) | EtS (1) | MCS (1) | Mg (4) |
| Donskoy (3/6) | Mg (3) | Bnk (3) | DrC (2) | Mg (4) |
| Kiyegov (3/5) | Mg (3) | Bnk (2) | — | Mg (5) |
| Melekes (2/6) | Mg (2) | EtS (1) | MCS (1) | Mg (5) |
| Pipryet (2/3) | Mg (2) | Bnk (3) | DrC (2) | Mg (3) |
| Ry'Peski (2/7) | Mg (2) | EtS (2) | MCS (1) | Mg (6) |

Abbreviations: Mg=the magian; DrC= Huseti Trosane (Dragonsea Coster); BnK=Almighty Temple of Belinik (Gabrend Sontrene); EtS=Church of the Eternal Seas (Cedriane Alghasne); MCS= Sarand Fasir (Merchant Consortium of Suiriene).

REGENCY GENERATED/ACCUMULATED: 48/25 RP

GOLD GENERATED/ACCUMULATED: 30/10 GB

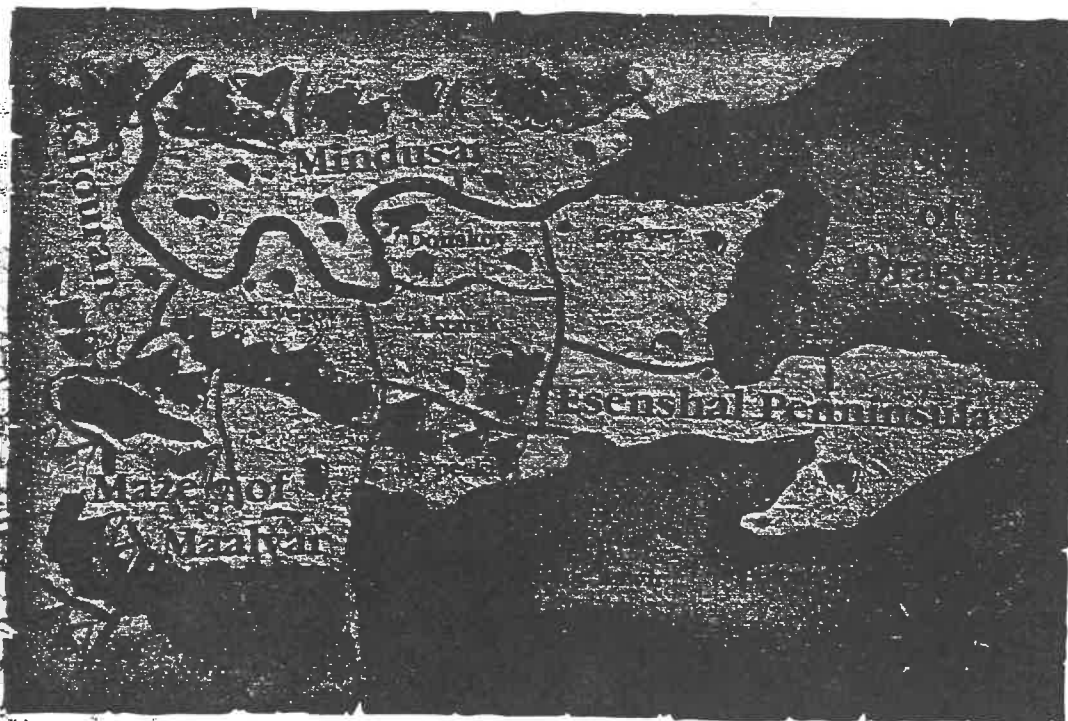
ARMY: The Magian is a shrewd individual. He has gathered together a very potent army. Totalling over 12 units, his army is divided into three distinct groups.

The Riders, a group of 12 undead warriors and wizards are the Magian's generals and oversee all aspects of his rule throughout his domain. The Riders came across the Sea of Dragons with the Magian, so their true identities and aspects are unknown. They wear burnished armor painted in cryptic runes, and helmets cover their faces, though sharp-eyed individuals can spot pale white bone and red, glowing eyes behind the visors.

They coordinate closely with the Magian himself whenever they're out in the field. Most likely responsible for the sheer brilliance in the Magian's armies' tactics, the Riders are usually found in the forefront of any attack formation. The Riders collectively are considered one unit of infantry.

The Riders (12) Int 17-18; AL LE; AC 1; HD 10; hp 90 (at 0 hit points, a rider is dispelled for 2d4 days unless *holy word* is cast as it reaches 0 hit points);

THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (+6) (broad sword); SA *fear* (5' radius), *detect invisibility*, *detect magic* at will, *dispel magic* and *fear* twice/day, 12 HD fireball once/day; SD cannot be turned except by *holy word*, power over undead as evil P6; Save F10; SZ M (7'



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tall); MV 12; ML 19; MR 75% (10 or less on d100 roll reflects spell back at caster); XP 8,000/ea.

The Battle Division is the backbone of the Magian's army. Two units are on horseback and considered medium cavalry; there is one unit each of lightly-armored archers and scouts; and three units of standard infantry round out the group. They are strong and well trained, and quickly gaining a name for themselves. Simply called the Magian's Battle Division, they are well known throughout nearby lands.

Battle Division: Int 10-12; AL LN or LE; AC 5-8; HD 1; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA Ranged weapons (1d6); Save F1; SZ M (6' tall); MV 12 or 15; ML 14; XP 35/ea.

The Construction Brigade is a group of five units of hard-working individuals who construct bridges, build siege weapons, and raise army defenses. They can build, destroy, or dig twice as fast as any other team throughout the land. In a fight, they are considered light infantry.

Construction Brigade: Int 12-14; AL LN; AC 8; HD 1; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (tools); Save F1; SZ M (6' tall); MV 9; ML 12; XP 15/ea.

REGENT: The Magian

LIEUTENANTS: Ahazarus (MAw/W10/Az13/LE) is the figure most often seen ruling in Aktarsk. He is a 10th-level mage with some small blood abilities gained during the culling of the old bloodline; as a result, he has a *bloodmark* that has altered his coloration to ashen hues. He knows who is in charge, but he relishes the opportunity to be of service to his master. Only the Magian and the Riders know of this deceit; all others see Ahazarus as the Magian, ignoring their true ruler as "that cloaked advisor." IMPORTANT NPCs: The Riders are the other most powerful individuals in the realm. Three of them in particular could be considered the Magian's closest companions. Perdue the Shadowborne, Breadthe the Deathknight, and Kewel the Lichlord are the leaders of the Riders and the liaison between the Magian and the Riders whenever they're on a mission (via magical communication through their *amulets*).

DOMAIN DESCRIPTION:

The Magian's Domain rests on the eastern coast, bordering the Sea of Dragons. Once called

Pipryet, this domain was conquered within a matter of months by the Magian and his forces (including the citizens of the Pipryet province who joined his ranks to fight for a better future). Since then, the Magian has entrenched himself in the capital city, and has earned the respect and love of the citizens, despite his merciless tactics in battle and "governmental restructuring." He will soon set his sights beyond his own borders.

DOMAIN CAPITAL: Aktarsk

DOMAIN CITIES: Melekes, Pipryet

DOMAIN VILLAGES: Donskoy, Gur'yev, Kiyegov, Ry'Peski

SPECIAL LOCATIONS: Boloshoy Kavkaz, Essenshaal Peninsula, Sea of Dragons

TRADE GOODS: The Magian's Domain exports fish and crustaceans to the interior domains of Rhuan-nach, interior Khourane, and the Lamia. The Magian imports ores from the Iron Peaks for forging into weapons for the Magian's army.

ALLIES: Officially, the Magian has no allies. He views every leader and every blooded individual as a hindrance to his long-term plans of continental conquest. He knows, however, that publicizing his contempt would unite the realms against him, so he keeps this personal view in check. Instead, the Magian has made peace pacts with nearby countries, including Mbasar, Yeninskiy, and Rhuannach in particular. He feeds them lies about the two domains he wants to overthrow immediately (Min Dhousai and Karusha) in order to justify his intentions of amassing troops and constantly keeping his troops in battle-readiness.

Nigen Aran, Heir to the Emirate of Khourane

5th Level Male Khinasi Fighter

| | |
|---------|------------------------------|
| STR: 17 | Age: 34 |
| DEX: 15 | Height: 5'7" |
| CON: 16 | Weight: 175 |
| INT: 13 | Hair: Brown with Blue Streak |
| WIS: 12 | Eyes: Hazel |
| CHR: 13 | Alignment: CG |

AC Normal: 1 (Improved Mail+1 and Shield)

AC Rear: 3

Hit Points: 45

Languages: Basarji, Anuirean, Vos

THACO: 16

Blood Abilities: (Blood of Basaia, Major, 34)

Blood Mark (minor) of the blue streak in his hair which is a family mark.

Enhanced Sense (minor) gives him the vision of a hawk which equates to x10 vision plus missile range penalties are reduced one category.

Resistance (major) gives a 50% resistance to light and fire attacks. Damage is reduced by 50% or by 75% if a saving throw is made.

Saving Throws

Paralyzation, Poison, Death Magic: 11

Rod, Staff, Wand: 13

Petrifaction, Polymorph: 12

Breath Weapon: 13

Spell: 14

Weapon Proficiencies: Scimitar (specialized), Composite Long Bow, Sabre, Dagger

Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Strategy (11), Endurance (16), Hunting (11), Animal Lore (13)

Magic Items: *Scimitar +2, Improved Mail +1, Blending with Family Heraldic Device (Blue Lighting Bolt), Family Signet Ring Protection +1, Potion of Extra-Healing*

Traveling Equipment: Field Pack with one week of rations, flint and steel, bed roll, 50' rope, ball of twine, water flask, 3 torches, dagger, sabre, composite longbow with a quiver of 24 sheaf arrows

Personality:

You are a pessimist. Life has not dealt you a very pleasant hand. Sure you have access to the finer things in life, but you feel out of place and a bit unwanted. You are a brave warrior in a family of wizards.

Background:

You are the heir to the emirate of Khourane. You have known that you would be the next emir ever since you were old enough to understand the stories Lita told of your heritage. Every emir of Aran stretching back 200 years has been a wizard. They have all built the magical ley lines of power, so that now your province of Khourane is experiencing a time of great prosperity. Unfortunately you have been a bit of a disappointment to your father and to the realm. You are a

warrior; you like to stride into the midst of battle swinging your scimitar and challenging all who would stand before you. The idea of sitting in some dusty library pouring over books of spells while you gain weight sends shudders up your spine. The only thing which could be worse is to be stuck on some throne listening to your subjects whining about any petty problem.

You are not really looking forward to your father's passing. Several years after your birth your father went on a quest to kill the awnsheghlien known as the Troll. He was successful and returned with glory, treasure and power. These powers were passed on to your younger brother, Dhal, upon his birth. You are now caught in the awkward position of being the heir but having a weaker bloodline than your brother and not being of the family traditional wizard class. Well maybe there is a way for you, one the time comes (may it be a long way off), to abdicate in favor of your younger brother.

Your companions:

Dhal Aran - He is your younger brother. He is always underfoot and getting in the way. He seems to be doing well in his studies of magic, just like your father did, and his father, sigh. Everyone is so proud that Dhal is following in the family tradition. You just wish that he could be the next regent and you could go your own way.

Lita Morel - She is always so boring, teaching you about this point of law or that point of regency. It seems as if the only thing she really cares about is the regency. The really weird thing about her is that she talks about things in the distant past as if she was really there. She doesn't appear that old, but something about her seems ageless.

Zole - His is scary. He only seems to care about his magic and his money. You have never met somebody so obsessed. You also think that he is very disappointed in you because you did not follow in the family tradition of magic. You cannot help that, so you try to show him that you are at least a good warrior.

Marl Kon - He is a very particular man. He seems very secretive, but then probably no more so than a person of his profession is suppose to be. He does seem to enjoy the better things in life, but it is almost unbelievable the things that he knows. You wonder what terrible secret he may know about you.

Skara - Now here is somebody you respect. She is the epitome of what a warrior should be. She does, though, have weird yellow eyes and she is very touchy about not letting anybody see the backs of her legs. Still there is nothing better than to go on a war party with her against some tribe of orogs.

Current Situation

You are very interested in what Marl told your father, but Marl probably won't tell you what is happening. You only have an hour to pack all your gear and to sharpen your sword. Hmmmm, well the prospect of fighting undead is at least something different. You know the Magian uses mostly undead troops, so maybe you will have a chance to test your scimitar versus his minions.

Dhal Aran, 2nd in line to the Emirate of Khourane

4th Level Male Khinasi Mage

| | |
|---------|------------------------------|
| STR: 11 | Age: 19 |
| DEX: 17 | Height: 5'11" |
| CON: 15 | Weight: 195 |
| INT: 17 | Hair: Brown with Blue Streak |
| WIS: 13 | Eyes: Brown |
| CHR: 16 | Alignment: CG |

AC Normal: 2 (bracers of defense AC 6, Family Signet Ring)

AC Rear: 5

Hit Points: 19

Languages: Basarji, Anuirean, Andu, Sidhelien (elvish), Karamhul (dwarvish), Low Brecht

THACO: 19

Blood Abilities: (Blood of Basaia, Great, 64)

Blood Mark (minor) of the blue streak in his hair which is a family mark.

Detect Lie (minor) allows once a day the ability to detect if somebody is speaking the truth, this last up to one turns.

Healing (great) allows the healing of a 2d6+8 points a day plus the ability to cast, once a day, remove paralysis, cure disease, cure blindness or neutralize poison (all at the 7th level ability)

Resistance (great) gives a 75% resistance to light and fire attacks. Damage is reduced by 50% or by 75% if a saving throw is made.

Saving Throws

Paralyzation, Poison, Death Magic: 14

Rod, Staff, Wand: 11

Petrifaction, Polymorph: 13

Breath Weapon: 15

Spell: 12

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger

Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Spellcraft (15), Administration (15), Read/Write Basarju (18), Religion (13), Heraldry (17), Read/Write Anuirean (18)

Spells

1st level (choose 3)

___ Color Spray

___ Detect Magic

___ Grease

___ Magic Missile

___ Mending

___ Read Magic

___ Shield

___ Sleep

___ Unseen Servant

2nd level (choose 2)

___ ESP

___ Flaming Sphere

___ Invisibility

___ Levitate

___ Stinking Cloud

___ Web

Magic Items: *Dagger +1, Bracers of Defense AC 6, Family Signet Ring Protection +1 set with a Pearl of Power 1st level, Potion of Healing*

Traveling Equipment: Field Pack with one week of rations, flint and steel, bed roll, water flask, scroll tube, paper and quills, spellbook

Personality:

You are an optimist. You enjoy life in all its glory. Not a day goes by where something new and wonderful doesn't happen. You have had the best of tutors and the best accommodations. Life is good.

Background:

You are second in line to ascend the throne of Khourane. It will probably never happen since your father is in the prime of life and your brother is in excellent health. Any year now you are sure that your brother will have children, effectively blocking your path to the throne. Oh well, you still have your studies. You love learning about the art of magic from Zole. Most of the time you spend in study of magic and the rest with Lita learning what it means to be a regent. There are rare times when you actually leave the library/temple of Avanalae. While it is fun going on adventures with your brother and the house guard, you still prefer staying in the capital learning. The most important part about being a regent seems to be the tie to the land. You look forward to the day when Zole teaches you about realm spells. You have heard that they can greatly benefit your province.

Your companions:

Nigen Aran - He is your older brother. You really look up to him, especially since he is the very picture of the big strong fighter. You pity him in that he doesn't seem to want to be the next emir, but it is his duty. You like following him around. He probably thinks you get a little under foot.

Lita Morel - You really like her, just like a second mother. She is always teaching you about this point of law or that point of regency. There is something weird about her, in that she talks about things that happened in the distant past as if she was really there. She doesn't appear that old, but something about her seems ageless.

Zole - You are totally devoted to your teacher. In your short life you have never met anyone so filled with the knowledge of magic. There is so much you still have yet to learn. He seems very pleased that you are following in the family tradition.

Marl Kon - He is a very interesting member of the court. He seems so very secretive and it is hard to get to know him. You have noticed that he does seem to enjoy a very pleasant life style. He is in charge of your father's spy network and it is sometime unbelievable the things that he knows.

Skara - She is scary. She is always so gruff and stand offish. You really do not like being around her, but she is your father's personal bodyguard. She also has those weird yellow eyes and she is very touchy about the backs of her legs.

Current Situation

You wonder what Marl told your father as you pack your things for a hasty departure. Looking over you spells you think that *sleep* might not be the best choice to fight undead. You have not seen any undead up close and the prospects sounds a little exciting.

Lita Morel, Chamberlain of Khourane, Head Scholar of Avanalae

7th Level Female Anuirean Specialty Priest of Avanalae

| | |
|---------|---------------------|
| STR: 12 | Age: 27, appears 43 |
| DEX: 11 | Height: 5'4" |
| CON: 14 | Weight: 105 |
| INT: 14 | Hair: Red |
| WIS: 18 | Eyes: Green |
| CHR: 14 | Alignment: LN |

AC Normal: 3 (Half Plate+1)

AC Rear: 3

Hit Points: 42

Languages: Anuirean, Andu, Basarji, High Brecht

THACO: 16

Blood Abilities: (Blood of Anduiras, Major, 44)

Iron Will (minor) gives +2hp (already added), the Endurance proficiency and +2 on saving throws against the mind.

Courage (minor) gives her automatic success on any saving throw vs fear.

Enhanced Senses (major) allows the ability to detect evil at will.

Long Life (major) means that she only ages 1 year for every 25 years she lives. This has no effect on magical aging.

Saving Throws

Paralyzation, Poison, Death Magic: 7

Rod, Staff, Wand: 11

Petrifaction, Polymorph: 10

Breath Weapon: 13

Spell: 12

Weapon Proficiencies: Footman's Mace, Dagger, Spear

Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Law (13), Diplomacy (17), Religion (18), Read/Write Basarji (18), Heraldry (14), Endurance (14)

Magic Items: *Footman's Mace +1*, *Spear of Avanale +1* (treat as a flametongue), *Wand of Negation* (4 chgs)

Travelling Equipment: Field Pack with one week of rations, flint and steel, bed roll, water flask, various books on law, paper and quills

Speciality priest abilities - +2 saves vs illusion, flame arrow once a day

Personality:

You are the primary interpreter of the law in Khourane. Nothing is more important to you than the law of Avanalea and the laws of Khourane.

Background:

You are Chamberlain of Khourane and Head Scholar of Avanalae in Khourane. Duty to Khourane above all others, and then duty to the temple of Avanalae, are your basic principles, and you have served this dual positions for over 250 years. It has been your responsibility to

oversee the family succession going back through over five generations. Your duties have included being the chief advisor to the Aran family in all things pertaining to the running of the realm of Khourane. Another of your responsibilities, one that you have enjoyed, is the training of the next generation of Aran. Giving the youth of Aran a firm training in what it means to be a regent has enabled you to build a strong realm which has grown in both prosperity and in devotion to Avanalae. Your other duty, as the Head Scholar of the temple of Avanalae, has given you great spiritual strength and purpose. You have built one of the finest library/temples to Avanalae in all of Cerilia. The collection of ancient Basarji text on magics from before the immigration are the prize of your collection. You have recently decided that your temple needs a new wing to house your growing collection of tomes. You have been trying to persuade the emir to cover the expense of building the new wing. He has been reluctant as of yet, but you are hopeful that he will be forthcoming with the funds.

Your companions:

Nigen Aran - The heir to the regency of Khourane and such a disappointment. It has to rank as one of your worst disasters, his decision to become a warrior instead of pursuing the family occupation of wizardry. He is still to become the next regent, so you instruct him the best that you can.

Dhal Aran - Now the younger Aran is an entirely different matter. He has a quick mind and has picked up not only what it means to be a regent, but has even started on the path to becoming a master wizard. He should be the next regent, but that would require Nigen to step down. Oh well, you can hope.

Zole - Your co-advisor to the Arans. While he takes care of running the province and training the heirs in magic, you have taken care of everything else. You two have worked well together and it will sadden you when he ages and dies. While he is here, though, the two of you will do whatever is necessary for the realm of Khourane.

Marl Kon - He has been of great help to the realm. You are glad that you convinced the emir to let him stay and to further fund his activities. The information that he has obtained has been of great help to furthering the cause of Khourane.

Skara - You have never really liked her for some reason. It is probably her yellow eyes, but something about her is wrong. Well, the emir trusts her completely, and he is your lord, so you will accept her presence, but you will keep an eye on her.

Current Situation

It is highly improper to call for a late night meeting, so Marl must have told the Emir something very important. You only have an hour to pack everything, and you were just in the middle of preparing Dhal's lesson for tomorrow. You know the Magian uses undead constructs.

Spells

Major Spheres - all, divination, elemental (fire), healing, protection, sun, thought (TOM)

Minor Spheres - Charm, Creation, Numbers (TOM)

1st level (choose 5)

- ☐ Analyze balance
- ☐ Bless
- ☐ Combine
- ☐ Command
- ☐ Cure Light Wounds
- ☐ Detect Evil
- ☐ Detect Magic
- ☐ Detect Poison
- ☐ Detect Snares & Pits
- ☐ Emotion Read
- ☐ Endure Heat/Cold
- ☐ Light
- ☐ Locate Animals or Plants
- ☐ Log of Everburning
- ☐ Personal Reading
- ☐ Protection from Evil
- ☐ Purify Food & Drink
- ☐ Remove Fear
- ☐ Sanctuary
- ☐ Though Capture

2nd level (choose 5)

- ☐ Augury
- ☐ Barkskin
- ☐ Detect Charm
- ☐ Enthrall
- ☐ Find Traps
- ☐ Fire Trap
- ☐ Flame Blade
- ☐ Heat Metal
- ☐ Hold Person
- ☐ Idea
- ☐ Know Alignment
- ☐ Mind Read
- ☐ Momment
- ☐ Produce Flame
- ☐ Resist Fire/Cold
- ☐ Slow Poison
- ☐ Speak with Animals
- ☐ Withdraw

3rd level (choose 3)

- ☐ Create Water
- ☐ Continual Light
- ☐ Dispel Magic
- ☐ Emotion Control
- ☐ Extradimensional Detection
- ☐ Flame Walk
- ☐ Locate Object
- ☐ Magical Vestment
- ☐ Memory Read
- ☐ Moment Reading
- ☐ Negative Plane Protection
- ☐ Protection from Fire
- ☐ Pyrotechnics
- ☐ Produce Fire
- ☐ Remove Curse
- ☐ Remove Paralysis
- ☐ Speak with Dead
- ☐ Starshine
- ☐ Telepathy
- ☐ Telethaumaturgy

4th level (choose 2)

- ☐ Cure Serious Wounds
- ☐ Detect Lie
- ☐ Divination
- ☐ Genius
- ☐ Mental Domination
- ☐ Neutralize Poison
- ☐ Protection from Evil 10' radius
- ☐ Protection from Lightning
- ☐ Rapport
- ☐ Reflecting Pool
- ☐ Repel Insects
- ☐ Solipsism
- ☐ Spell Immunity
- ☐ Though Broadcast
- ☐ Tongues

Zole, Castellan of Khourane

6th Level Male Khinasi Wizard

| | |
|---------|---------------|
| STR: 9 | Age: 42 |
| DEX: 14 | Height: 5'9" |
| CON: 12 | Weight: 155 |
| INT: 18 | Hair: Grey |
| WIS: 10 | Eyes: Blue |
| CHR: 15 | Alignment: LN |

AC Normal: 6

AC Rear: 6

Hit Points: 18

Languages: Anuirean, Basarji, Low Brecht, Rjuven, Sidhelien (elvish), Goblin, Orog

THACO: 19

Blood Abilities: (Blood of Basaia, Major, 32)

Detect Illusion (minor) allows him to get an automatic saving throw vs any illusion when first encountered. If he concentrates he get a +4 on his saves vs illusion.

Heightened Ability (minor) grants a +1 to intelligence which is already added.

Elemental Control (great) protected by a resist fire. Can also once a week summon a 8 HD fire elemental for one turn which will obey his commands and not turn on him.

Fire Elemental; AL N; AC 2; HD 8; hp 40; THACO 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA see below; SD +2 weapon to hit; MR Nil; SZ L. Any flammable object struck by the fire elemental must save versus magical fire at a -2 or begin to burn.

Saving Throws

Paralyzation, Poison, Death Magic: 13

Rod, Staff, Wand: 9

Petrifaction, Polymorph: 11

Breath Weapon: 13

Spell: 10

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, Dart

Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Administration (16), Read/Write Basarji (19), Spellcraft (16), Ancient History (17), Astrology (18)

Magic Items: *Dagger+1, 3 Darts +2 Returnable, Ring of Feather Falling*

Traveling Equipment: Field Pack with one week of rations, flint and steel, bed roll, water flask, various books for the administration of the province, paper and quills, spellbook

Spells

1st level (choose 4)

- ☐ Alarm
- ☐ Audible Glamour
- ☐ Burning Hands
- ☐ Change Self
- ☐ Charm Person
- ☐ Color Spray
- ☐ Comprehend Languages
- ☐ Detect Magic
- ☐ Detect Undead
- ☐ Hold Portal
- ☐ Identify
- ☐ Light
- ☐ Magic Missile
- ☐ Mending
- ☐ Read Magic
- ☐ Sleep
- ☐ Spider Climb
- ☐ Ventriloquism

2nd Level (choose 2)

- ☐ Alter Self
- ☐ Deafness
- ☐ Detect Evil
- ☐ Detect Invisibility
- ☐ Flaming Sphere
- ☐ Forget
- ☐ Knock
- ☐ Know Alignment
- ☐ Leomund's Trap
- ☐ Levitate
- ☐ Mirror Image
- ☐ Misdirection
- ☐ Rope Trick
- ☐ Spectral Hand
- ☐ Stinking Cloud
- ☐ Web

3rd level (choose 2)

- ☐ Clairaudience
- ☐ Dispel Magic
- ☐ Fireball
- ☐ Fly
- ☐ Haste
- ☐ Hold Undead
- ☐ Item
- ☐ Lightning Bolt
- ☐ Protection from Normal Missiles
- ☐ Slow
- ☐ Tongues
- ☐ Vampiric Touch
- ☐ Wraithform

Personality:

The administration of the realm of Khourane is the most important thing in your life. It is your privilege to serve the realm and to make sure the realm is very profitable.

Background:

As Castellan, your responsibilities have been to maintain the province of Khourane. Your administration skills, which you learned from your father, have produced a realm of great prosperity. You are perhaps known as a copper pincher, but your combined strategy of savings and investments have been exceedingly profitable. The realm's coffers are full and the people are happy. Another hereditary duty, which you enjoy, has been the tutoring of the heir in the art of magic. You love magic almost as much as you love the realm. You have access to the large library at the temple of Avanae, which has helped in your own studies and well as those of the heir. In the library is a collection of ancient Basarji text on magics from before the immigration that you highly prize. You have heard of a recently discovered volume of particular interest dealing with a previously thought lost area of invocation magic. You have been trying to persuade the emir to cover the expenses of the expedition to recover the manuscript. He has been reluctant as of yet, but you are hopeful that he will be forthcoming with the funds.

Your companions:

Nigen Aran - The heir to the regency of Khourane and such a loss. When he was young it was obvious that he would never master the art. Now that he is a warrior and heir to the throne, the damage has been done. Well you will still administer the realm, but then maybe your son will have to deal with him after your death.

Dhal Aran - Now the younger Aran is an entirely different matter. He has a quick mind and has picked up not only what it means to be a wizard, but has even started on the path to becoming a regent. He should be the next regent, but that would require Nigen to step down. You can hope.

Lita Morel - She has been the Chamberlain since before you were born. You and here together have built a strong realm that has enjoyed great prosperity. She has taught the brothers about what it means to be a regent, and has left the magical education to you. You have worked well together and your only regret is that she does not seem to age so she will continue in her post after you are dead never knowing how much you care for her.

Marl Kon - Has been of great help to the realm. You are glad that you convinced the emir to let him stay and to further fund his activities. The information that he has obtained has been of great help to furthering the cause of Khourane. You just wish it wouldn't cost so much.

Skara - You have never really liked her for some reason. It is probably her yellow eyes, but something about her is wrong. The emir trust her completely, so you will accept her presence.

Current Situation

This interruption certainly came at an inopportune time. You were just going over the expenses of this expedition when Marl returned with some information that has resulted in a late meeting in just one hour. You hurry to pack and wonder where exactly you put that garlic and sulphur for that *hold undead* spell.

Marl Kon, Spymaster of the Ilbrath Guild of Khourane

7th Level Male Brecht Thief

| | |
|---------|---------------|
| STR: 14 | Age: 42 |
| DEX: 18 | Height: 5'4" |
| CON: 15 | Weight: 125 |
| INT: 13 | Hair: Black |
| WIS: 12 | Eyes: Brown |
| CHR: 16 | Alignment: CG |

AC Normal: 2 (Leather+2 plus dexterity)

AC Rear: 6

Hit Points: 34

Languages: Low Brecht, Anuirean, Basarji

THACO: 17

Blood Abilities: (Blood of Brenna, Minor, 27)

Alertness (minor) possesses an uncanny sense of his surroundings and is surprised only on a roll of 1.

Enhanced Sense (minor) gives the sight and hearing of cats which grants infravision to 30 feet and a bonus to hear noise (already added).

Alter Appearance (major) once per turn for 17 rounds he can alter his appearance similar to a *change self* spell.

Saving Throws

Paralyzation, Poison, Death Magic: 12

Rod, Staff, Wand: 12

Petrifaction, Polymorph: 11

Breath Weapon: 15

Spell: 13

Weapon Proficiencies: Long Sword, Dagger, Sling

Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Intrigue (12), Administration (11), Observation (13), Appraising (13), Forgery (17)

Magic Items: *Long Sword +1*, *Ring of Dimension Door* (usable 1/day), *Leather+2*, *Boots of Levitation*, *Philter of Glibness*

Traveling Equipment: Field Pack with one week of rations, flint and steel, bed roll, water flask, Thieves Tools, paper and quills

Thief Abilities

Pick Pockets: 55%

Move Silently: 70%

Climb Walls: 70%

Open Lock: 85%

Hide in Shadows: 45%

Read Languages: 25%

Find/Remove Trap: 75%

Detect Noise: 75%

Personality:

You like the finer things in life and do not mind working for them. Hard work does indeed have its own rewards, but you also appreciate the pay.

Background:

You are the Spymaster of the Ilbrath Guild of Khourene. It is a very profitable guild that has been open for business for a long time. Since fleeing from a deal (several deals) gone bad back in your homeland you have done quite well here. Your first decision was one of your best. By swearing loyalty to the house of Aran you have eventually risen in the ranks until now you are the Spymaster of the Khourene information network. Your loyalty has been vastly rewarded time and again.

Information is power, some say; you say that information is a commodity to be sold. The emir funds your activities so that you make obtain information beneficial to the realm and indirectly to yourself. You have created an extensive web of information gatherers throughout the realms. You have also set up a very pleasant guild hall, with a very nice assortment of pleasures. You are completely loyal to the house of Aran, but if a little spare change should happen to fall your way, well, these things happen. Recently you have heard rumors of spy activity from some hostile realms that have begun to operate in Khourene. You have been trying to persuade the emir that the threat is real and will need to be countered, which would require manpower and gold bars from the treasury. The emir has been reluctant so far, but you are hopeful that he will be forthcoming with the funds.

Your companions:

Nigen Aran - He is the heir to the regency of Khourene. Everyone is so disappointed in him for not being a wizard. He is a nice enough guy, but he really is in an awkward position. You know that he does not really want to be the heir and would be willing to abdicate.

Dhal Aran - The kid is really stuck in an unusual position. He has been trained in both the family profession, wizardry, and has received extensive training in what it means to be a regent. The problem is that he is second in line for the throne and may never ascend to it. He is completely guiltless.

Lita Morel - You will always be grateful that she convinced the emir to fund your activities. You have prospered because of her and will do what you can for her. The most important thing to her is the realm, so you have aided the realm to pay her back. You know that she is over 250 years old.

Zole - You are grateful that he also spoke up for you in front of the emir. While he has tried to cut back on any funds allocated to you, you know that it is his nature to count every coin. You have always appreciated his support. You know he loves Lita, and that sadly, she does not even know.

Skara - Now here is a tortured soul. She too is an outcast from the north; just like you she fled from her homeland. While she is a bit rough you still respect her, especially if any fighting is to be done. You know that she has Azrai blood, that she has some type of bloodform (mutation) on the back of her legs.

Current Situation

The information that one of your operatives relayed to you and of which you immediately informed the emir was very volatile. This meeting that he is attending is but a facade to bring together as many of the local regents as possible. King Sahn has sold everyone out to the Magian. Together the Magian and the king plan to eliminate the leadership of the neighboring realms and then to conquer them. It is imperative that you bring the emir to your operative at a nearby tavern. The owner, Sarim Habad, will certainly have more current information.

Skara, Captain of the House Guard of Aran

7th Level Female Vos Tsarevas (warrior)

| | |
|-------------|---------------|
| STR: 18(21) | Age: 35 |
| DEX: 17 | Height: 6'1" |
| CON: 16 | Weight: 185 |
| INT: 11 | Hair: Blond |
| WIS: 13 | Eyes: Yellow |
| CHR: 10 | Alignment: NG |

AC Normal: 0 (Banded Mail and Shield)

AC Rear: 4

Hit Points: 63

Languages: Vos, Basarji

THACO: 14

Blood Abilities: (Blood of Azrai, Minor, 37)

Bloodmark (minor) yellow cat like eyes.

Poison Sense (minor) gains a 90% chance to detect any poison or harmful substance with three feet of her.

Fear (major) can with a touch instill fear as the spell.

Touch of Decay (great) allows her to destroy inanimate objects with a mere touch. Metal rust, stone crumbles to sand and wood rots to pulp. This can be used once a day and can affect 7 cubic feet of material.

Bloodform (major) is a curse that after any other blood abilities are used then she will slowly be transformed into an awnsheghlien. This will start as scales on her legs and progress higher with repeated use.

Saving Throws

Paralyzation, Poison, Death Magic: 10

Rod, Staff, Wand: 12

Petrifaction, Polymorph: 11

Breath Weapon: 12

Spell: 13

Weapon Proficiencies: Bastard Sword (specialized), Dagger, Javelin, Sabre, Flail

Non-Weapon Proficiencies: Endurance (16), Alertness (14), Observation (11), Rope Use (13), Hunting (12)

Magic Items: *Bastard Sword +3, Rope of Climbing, Potion of Vitality*

Traveling Equipment: Field Pack with one week of rations, flint and steel, bed roll, water flask, 3 Javelins, Footman's Flail

Personality:

You are a warrior. You live to fight for your lord. You also have a dark secret which you must keep covered or you could be destroyed.

Background:

You are the Captain of the House Guard of Aran, a position which you earned over 15 years ago. Originally from the cold north of the lands of Vos, you were driven out of your ancestral home lands. It was because of your eyes. But not just your eyes. It is your bloodline which is

corrupted with the power of Azrai. You have tried your whole life to hide the fact that you have Azrai blood in your veins. You will never use a blood ability again, since the last time you did your bloodform curse manifested itself. You have, on the back of your legs, brown scales which you are always careful to hide. You shudder to think of what would happen if your bloodform was allowed to grow unchecked. It was when your bloodform revealed itself that you were chased out of Vos. You barely escaped with your life when you encountered a Khourane war party being led by Erman Aran, the emir. He was hunting the awnsheghlien known as the Troll, and though he at first marked you as one of the Troll's minions, he took you in after you told him your story. You proved yourself a great fighter and a loyal companion, and when the quest was successful Erman asked you to join his house guard. Through the years you have been Erman's personal bodyguard and have risen to the rank of captain. The rank means little to you; you only wish to serve Erman. He knows of your curse, but you are sure that he has not told anyone.

Your companions:

Nigen Aran - He is the eldest son of Erman, heir to the regency of Khourane. You do not know why everyone is so disappointed in him for not being a wizard. He is a fine warrior and will in time become a great fighter. You know that Erman was hoping he would be a wizard.

Dhal Aran - He is Erman's youngest son and second in line to the throne of Khourane. Erman, and everyone else, loves the boy, who has decided to become a wizard. He is a nice guy and easy to get along with.

Lita Morel - You don't think she likes you and your warrior ways very much. Well she serves Erman as you do, and you respect the way she carries out her office. As least she is worth something in a fight. You remember seeing her wield her spear and were impressed.

Zole - You are sure he doesn't like you. He probably blames you for training the eldest Aran in the ways of the warrior. Well, he can keep to his wizard ways; you have always preferred the sword. Since he serves Erman you will respect him also.

Marl Kon - He worries you with all his sneaking about and asking questions. You are not sure, but you think he may have learned your secret. He was also chased from his homeland, so you have something in common. Perhaps you should get to know him better, to determine if he does know.

Current Situation

You were there when Marl returned with the word of King Sahn's treachery; the planning session was actually a trap arranged by the Magian to eliminate most of his opposition. You have quickly packed your gear and now stand ready to fight for Erman. You know that the Magian's warrior skeletons are very difficult to destroy, but you will give your life to win Erman to freedom.

Here is a summary of the items I noticed when I reviewed the moduled.

- p.2 DM Notes - my sentence was awkward
- p.2 DM Synopsis - worEmir
- p.3 TIME TO SAY GOODBYE - and insides refers to them eating?
- p.3 TIME TO SAY GOODBYE - taleMir
- p.3 TIME TO SAY GOODBYE - my sentence was awkward
- p.4 MERCENARY ENCOUNTER - looEmir
- p.4 TAVERN BY THE ROAD - taleMir
- p.4 TAVERN BY THE ROAD - add which statistics to use
- p.5 OROG AMBUSH - less help the PC if the get in trouble
- p.5 OROG AMBUSH - Gresh BA should be following by a ','
- p.5 OROG AMBUSH - Basilt strength is 18(23)
- p.5 OROG AMBUSH - looEmir
- p.5 OROG AMBUSH - my sentence was awkward
- p.6 SHATTERED HAMLET - one skeleton is at the back
- p.6 SHATTERED HAMLET - if B. Rattler is not a mage
- p.7 THRAL BONERATTLER - changes if he is not human
- p.8 THRAL BONERATTLER - as a human Bonerattler does not
have an aura
- p.1 Nigen Aran - word should be once
- p.3 Dhal Aran - last one turn without a period
- p.4 Dhal Aran - my sentence was awkward
- p.5 Lita Morel - age is 275 appears 43 because of Long Life

If Thral Bonerattler is human perhaps he should be a specialty priest with undead control powers and some type of aura.

Just a copule of ideas.

Mark

